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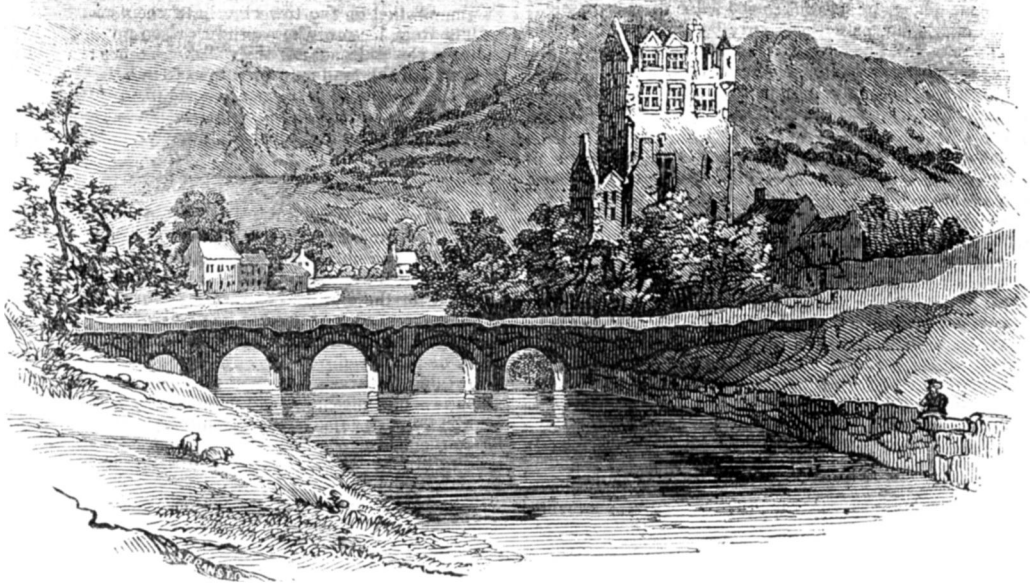
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VOLUME I.



THE CASTLE OF DONEGAL.

THE ruins of the old castellated Mansion of Donegal are not only interesting as affording, to use the words of Sir R. Colt Hoare, "a good subject for the pencil," but still more as a touching memorial of the fallen fortunes of a long-time powerful and illustrious family, the ancient lords of Tirconnell. These ruins are situated on the north bank of the little river Easky, or the fishy river, at the extremity of the town to which, as well as to the county, it has given its name. This name, however, which signifies literally the Dun, or Fort of the Foreigners, is of much higher antiquity than the castle erected here by the O'Donnells, and was, there can be no doubt, originally applied to a fortress, most probably of earth, raised here by the Danes or Northmen anterior to the twelfth century; for it appears unquestionable that the Irish applied the appellations Gaill exclusively to the northern rovers, anterior to the arrival of the English. Of the early history of this dun or fortress there is nothing preserved beyond the bare fact recorded in the Annals of Ulster, that it was burnt by Murtogh M'Loughlin, the head of the northern Hy-Niall race, in the year 1159. We have, however, an evidence of the connection of the Danes with this locality more than two centuries earlier, in a very valuable poem which we shall at no remote time present to our readers, addressed by the Tirconnellian bard, Flan Mac Lonan, to Aighleann and Cathbar, the brothers of Domhnall, from whom the name of O'Donnell

is derived. In this poem, which was composed at the commencement of the tenth century, the poet relates that Egneachan, the father of Donnell, gave his three beautiful daughters, Duibhlin, Bebuia, and Bebinn, in marriage to three Danish princes, Caithis, Torges, and Tor, for the purpose of obtaining their friendship, and to secure his territory from their depredations; and these marriages were solemnised at Donegal, where Egneachan then resided.

But though we have therefore evidence that a fort or dun existed here from a very remote time, it would appear certain, from a passage in the Annals of the Four Masters, that a castle, properly so called, was not erected at Donegal by the O'Donnells till the year 1474. In this passage, which records the death of Hugh Roe, the son of Niall Garve O'Donnell, at the year 1505, it is distinctly stated that he was the first that erected a castle at Donegal, that it might serve as a fortress for his descendants; and that he also erected as it would appear, at the same time, a monastery for Observantine Franciscans near the same place, and in which he was interred in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and forty-fourth of his reign. From this period forward the Castle of Donegal became the chief residence of the chiefs of Tirconnell, till their final extinction in the reign of James I., and was the scene of many a petty domestic feud and conflict. From a notice of one of these intestine broils, as recorded in the

Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1564, it would appear that shortly previous to that period a tower, called "the New Tower," had been added to the older structure. This tower being at that time in the possession of Hugh, the grandson of the builder of the original castle, while the latter was inhabited by his fraternal nephews, Con, the son of Calvach, then Prince of Tirconnell, in the absence of his father, attempted to get possession of both, and nearly succeeded, when he was made captive by O'Neill.

Towards the close of the great war with the Earl of Tyrone in 1601, this castle, as well as the adjacent monastery, having been placed in the hands of the Queen's troops, through the instrumentality of Niall Garve O'Donnell, it was besieged and taken by the celebrated leader, Red Hugh O'Donnell, who afterwards blockaded the English in the monastery, from the end of September till the end of October following. But though the besieged were reduced to the utmost extremity, in consequence of the explosion of their powder by some accident, which reduced the greater part of the monastery to ruins, they maintained their position with undaunted bravery, and O'Donnell finally raised the siege, and passed into Munster to join the Spaniards. It appears, however, from a contemporaneous poem, addressed to the ruins of this castle, a translation of which we shall presently lay before our readers, that O'Donnell did not depart from his native territory, never to return, till he had reduced the proud castle of his ancestors to a ruined pile, assigning as a reason, that it should never become what its name indicated—a fortress for strangers!

Whether this castle was subsequently repaired or reconstructed by Red Hugh's brother Rory, the Earl of Tirconnell, during the few years for which he held his earldom previous to his flight to Rome, does not appear from any document which has fallen under our notice, and we are inclined to believe that he did not do so. But be this as it may, the existing ruins retain no feature of a castle of the 15th century, but on the contrary are in every respect characteristic of the castellated residences of the reign of James I.; so that if it be of Rory O'Donnell's age, he must have rebuilt the mansion from its foundation. It appears, however, at least equally probable that the present structure may owe its re-erection to Sir Basil Brooke, to whom a grant of the castle was made in 1610. But it is certain, at all events, that he repaired the castle and resided in it until his death in 1633; and two chimney-pieces which still remain are unquestionably of his time, as the arms on one of them testify. These arms, which are sculptured on two shields, are, on the first, those of Brooke impaling Leicester—the family name of Sir Basil's lady; and on the second, those of Brooke only. These chimney-pieces, which are very splendid specimens of the architectural taste of the age, are faithfully represented in wood-cuts in the second volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and are accompanied by an excellent notice from the pen, as we believe, of Sir William Betham. In this notice it is stated that the Castle of Donegal "was granted by patent, dated the 16th November 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, and the fishings, customs, and duties extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke was knighted 2d February 1616, by Sir Artkur Chichester, knight, Lord Deputy, and had a re-grant of twenty-one years, or his life, of the castle by patent, dated 27th July 1620, and on the 12th February 1623, he had a grant of the fee of the castle for ever."

According to the same authority, this "Sir Basil Brooke was a scion of the family of Brooke of Norton, in Cheshire, and his lady was Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester of Toft, in that county. Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq. Member of Parliament for the county of Donegal, was his descendant and heir-at-law, who left the estates of his family to his nephew Thomas Grove, Esq. who took the name and arms of Brooke by royal sign-manual in 1808. He died without issue, and the estates of the family went to Thomas Young, Esq. of Lough Esk, who also took the name of Brooke by royal sign-manual, dated 16th July 1830, and is the present possessor."

During the troubles of 1641, the Castle of Donegal was garrisoned for the king by Sir Henry Brooke, the son of Sir Basil; but was taken in May 1651 by the Marquess of Clanricarde, who was joined by the Ulster forces under Sir Phelim O'Neill, when the O'Reillys and the MacMahons joined with him. But the castle was shortly afterwards abandoned by him, on receiving intelligence of the advance of Sir Charles

Coote, into whose possession it then fell. Since that period the Castle of Donegal has never we believe been used as a residence, and no care has been taken to save it from the ruined state in which it now appears. It is, however, to the credit of its present possessor that he has taken every care to delay as much as possible the further ravages of time on a structure so interesting in its associations with the past.

It is indeed impossible to look on this venerable pile without carrying our minds back to the days of its proud but unfortunate chiefs; and in our feelings of pity for their fate, indulging such sentiments as one of their last bards has attempted to express in the following poem, addressed to its ruins, and of which we give a literal translation. It is the composition of Malmurry Mac-an-Ward, or the son of the bard, and was written on the demolition of the castle by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1601.

ADDRESS TO THE RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.

O, solitary fort that standest yonder,
What desolation dost thou not reveal!
How tarnished is the beauty of thine aspect,
Thou mansion of the chaste and gentle melodies!

Demolished lie thy towering battlements—
The dark loam of the earth has risen up
Over the whiteness of thy polished stones;
And solitude and ruin gird thee round.

Thy end is come, fair fortress, thou art fallen—
Thy magical prestige has been stripped off—
Thy well-shaped corner-stones have been displaced
And cast forth to the outside of thy ramparts.

In lieu of thy rich wine-feasts, thou hast now
Nought but the cold stream from the firmament;
It penetrates thee on all sides,
Thou mansion like Emania the golden.

Thy doorways are, alas! filled up,
Thou fortress of the once bright doors!
The limestones of thy top lie at thy base,
On all the sides of thy fair walls.

Over the mouldings of thy shattered windows,
The music that to-day breaks forth
Is the wild music of the birds and winds,
The voices of the stormy elements!

O, many-gated Court of Donegal,
What spell of slumber overcame thee,
Thou mansion of the board of flowing goblets,
To make thee undergo this rueful change?

Thou wert, O, happy one of the bright walls,
The Fortress of the Meetings of Clann-Connell,
The Tara of Assemblies to Conn's offspring,
O, thou resplendent fount of nobleness!
Thou rivaldest Emania in Ulster,
Thou wert the peer of Cruachan in Connaught,
Or of the mansion over the bright Boyne,
Thou Rome of all delight for Erin!

In thee, thou fair, capacious dome,
Where Ulster's tributes prodigally spent,
And Connaught's tributes were poured into thee,
Deserted though thou art this night!

From thee have we beheld—delightful sight!—
From the high pinnacles of thy purple turrets,
Long lines of ships at the approach of May,
With masts and snow-white sails.

From the high pinnacles of thy white watch-towers
We have seen the fleetness of the youthful steeds,
The bounding of the hounds, the joyous chase,
Thou pleasant fastness of unnumbered plains!

Within thee at the festive board
We have seen the strong battalions of the Gael,
And outside on thy wide green court,
After the meeting and the feasting.

Alas for this event, O Dun-na-Gall!
Sad is the lethargy that trances thee,
It is my grief to see thee thus deserted,
Without thy nobles, without mirth to-night!

Although thy ruins now bestrew the soil,
There have come of the race of Connell
Some men who would have mourned thy downfall,
O, thou fair fortress of the smooth-clad nobles!

Manus O'Donnell's noble mind,
 Had he but heard of thy disasters,
 O, fortress of the regal towers,
 Would suffer deepest anguish for thee !
 Could Hugh, the son of Hugh, behold
 The desolation of thy once white walls,
 How bitter, O, thou palace of the kings,
 His grief would be for thy decline and fall !
 If thus thou couldst have been beheld
 By Hugh Roe, who demolished thee,
 Methinks his triumph and delight would cease,
 Thou beautiful, time-hallowed house of Fertas !
 O, never was it dreamed that one like him,
 That one sprung from the Tirconnellians,
 Could bring thee to this woeful state,
 Thou bright-streamed fortress of the embellished walls !
 From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own king,
 From him has come this melancholy blow,
 This demolition of thy walls and towers,
 O, thou forsaken fortress o'er the Easky !
 Yet was it not because he wished thee ill
 That he thus left thee void and desolate ;
 The king of the successful tribe of Dalach
 Did not destroy thee out of hatred.
 The reason that he left thee as thou art
 Was lest the black ferocious strangers
 Should dare to dwell within thy walls,
 Thou fair-proportioned, speckled mansion !
 Lest we should ever call thee theirs,
 Should call thee in good earnest *Dun-na-gall*,
 This was the reason, Fortress of the Gaels,
 That thy fair turrets were o'erthrown.
 Now that our kings have all been exiled hence
 To dwell among the reptiles of strange lands,
 It is a woe for us to see thy towers,
 O, bright fort of the glossy walls !
 Yet, better for thee to be thus destroyed
 By thine own king than that the truculent Galls
 Should raise dry mounds and circles of great stones
 Around thee and thy running waters !
 He who has brought thee to this feebleness,
 Will soon again heal all thy wounds,
 So that thou shalt not sorrow any more,
 Thou smooth and bright-walled mansion !
 As doth the surgeon, if he be a true one,
 On due examination of his patient,
 Thy royal chief has done by thee,
 Thou shield and bulwark of the race of Coffey !
 The surgeon, on examining his patient,
 Knows how his illness is to be removed,
 Knows where the secret of his health lies hid,
 And where the secret of his malady.
 Those members that are gangrened or unsound
 He cuts away from the more healthy trunk
 Before they mortify, and so bring death
 Without remead upon the sufferer.
 Now, thy disease is obviously the Galls,
 And thy good surgeon is thy chief, O'Donnell,
 And thou thyself, thou art the prostrate patient
 O, green-hued mansion of the race of Dolach !
 With God's will; and by God's permission,
 Thy beauty shall yet put to shame thy meanness,
 Thy variegated courts shall be rebuilt
 By that great Chief who laid thee low !
 As Hugh Roe, king of the Connellians
 Was he who laid thy speckled walls in ruins,
 He will again renew thy greatness,
 Yes, he will be thy best physician !

P.

Wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is easier to keep oneself from falling, than having fallen into, to stay oneself from falling infinitely.—*Sir P. Sydney.*

If there be an object truly ridiculous in nature, it is an American patriot, signing resolutions of independence with the one hand, and with the other brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves.—*Day.*

OUR SENSATIONS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

MAN has been somewhere described as a "bundle of sensations;" and certainly if ever sensations were capable of being packed together, they would make a bundle, and a good large one too. I am not a physiologist, or even a doctor, so cannot pretend to speak very learnedly on this subject: but as we all in common have "our sensations," he must be rather a dull fellow, I should think, who would have nothing to say when they were laid upon the table for discussion. Even if he were a Jew, he might repeat with Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" and so on.

When one considers the amazing number and variety of the feelings, or perceptions arising out of impressions on the senses, of which we are capable, we discover a new and interesting proof that we are indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made." I was struck by this fact the other day, on hearing a young medical student say that he had been reading a "descriptive catalogue" of "pains," which had been made out with great care for the use of the profession. People, when going to consult a physician, are often at a loss to describe the manner in which they are affected, and particularly the nature and character of the painful sensation that afflicts them. To assist them in this respect, and the physician in obtaining a correct idea of the case, this catalogue was made out, and highly useful I think it must be for the proposed end. The patient may thus readily meet with something answering to his own case, and lay his finger on the classification that suits him. I am sorry I have not the list by me, for I am sure it would be a curious novelty to many. There are however in it the "dull, aching pain," the "sharp pricking pain," the pendulum-like "going-and-returning pain," the "throbbing pain," the "flying-to-the-head and sickening pain," the hot-scalding or burning pain, the pins and needles or nettle pain, pains deep seated and pains superficial, and, in short, an infinite variety, made out with nice discrimination, and all taken, I dare say, from life. None indeed could have drawn it out but one who had studied in some lazaret-house, wherein, as Milton describes,

"were laid
 Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture; qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds;
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs—
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs"—&c. &c.

There is a variety in *pain*, then, as well as in every thing else; but it is a variety in which few, I believe, ever found a "charm" experimentally. But there is a special wonder in the matter which forces us to exclaim, "What a piece of workmanship is man!" We are here speaking of sensations, or of perceptions arising from our bodily structure; and to these perceptions it is plainly necessary that there should be a chain of communication between the part of the body affected, and the sensorium, or seat of perception in the brain. I remember being amused with the surprise of an intelligent little girl, who complained of a sore finger, and a pain "in the finger," on hearing for the first time that the pain was not "in her finger," but in *her own perception of it*. It seemed a contradiction to her immediate experience; but on being shown that the pain she felt ceased when the nervous communication between the finger and the brain was interrupted, which could be easily done by a ligature placed above the part affected, she readily understood the distinction sought to be conveyed to her mind, namely, the difference between a diseased action in any part of the body, and our painful perception of its existence. There must be a "nerve" to "telegraph" the fact to the mind, otherwise the fact would not be consciously known. Well, then, this being the case, only consider what an infinite number of these nerves there must be in the human body, merely for the purpose of conveying disagreeable impressions, or what I may call *bad news*, to headquarters! They are very useful, it is true; but like other messengers of unpleasant intelligence, not much in favour. It is dangerous, however, to do them any harm. My readers have heard perhaps of the farrier who used to cure lame horses so rapidly, that he was the astonishment of all who consulted him. A horse would be brought to him scarce putting his toe to the ground, limping and shambling in a miserable manner, and, as if by magic, this veterinary artist would send him trotting off to all appearance quite cured. His